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SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED! NOW ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD: A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM! EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

TASKED WITH POLICING THE DOMAINS OF BATTLEWORLD ARE THE THORS—EXTRAORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN DEEMED WORTHY TO METE OUT JUSTICE IN THE SERVICE OF DOOM, THE ALL-FATHER!

ULTIMATE THOR

BETA RAY THOR

RUNE THOR

DESTROYER THOR

STORMBORN

GROOT THOR

THOR THE GREEN

THE FROG OF THUNDER

OLD THOR

THOR THE UNWORTHY

WHILE INVESTIGATING A SERIES OF SERIAL MURDERS TARGETING THE SAME WOMAN ACROSS EVERY DOMAIN, SOMEONE MURDERED BETA RAY THOR. HIS PARTNER, ULTIMATE THOR, FUELED BY VENGEANCE, PURSUED THE ONLY LEAD HE HAD—THE VICTIMS' NAME, JANE FOSTER—LEADING HIM DIRECTLY TO NONE OTHER THAN LOKI, WHO HE FOUND NEAR THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN, A DEAD MAN NAMED DONALD BLAKE...

THORS

◆ THE THUNDER ROOM ◆

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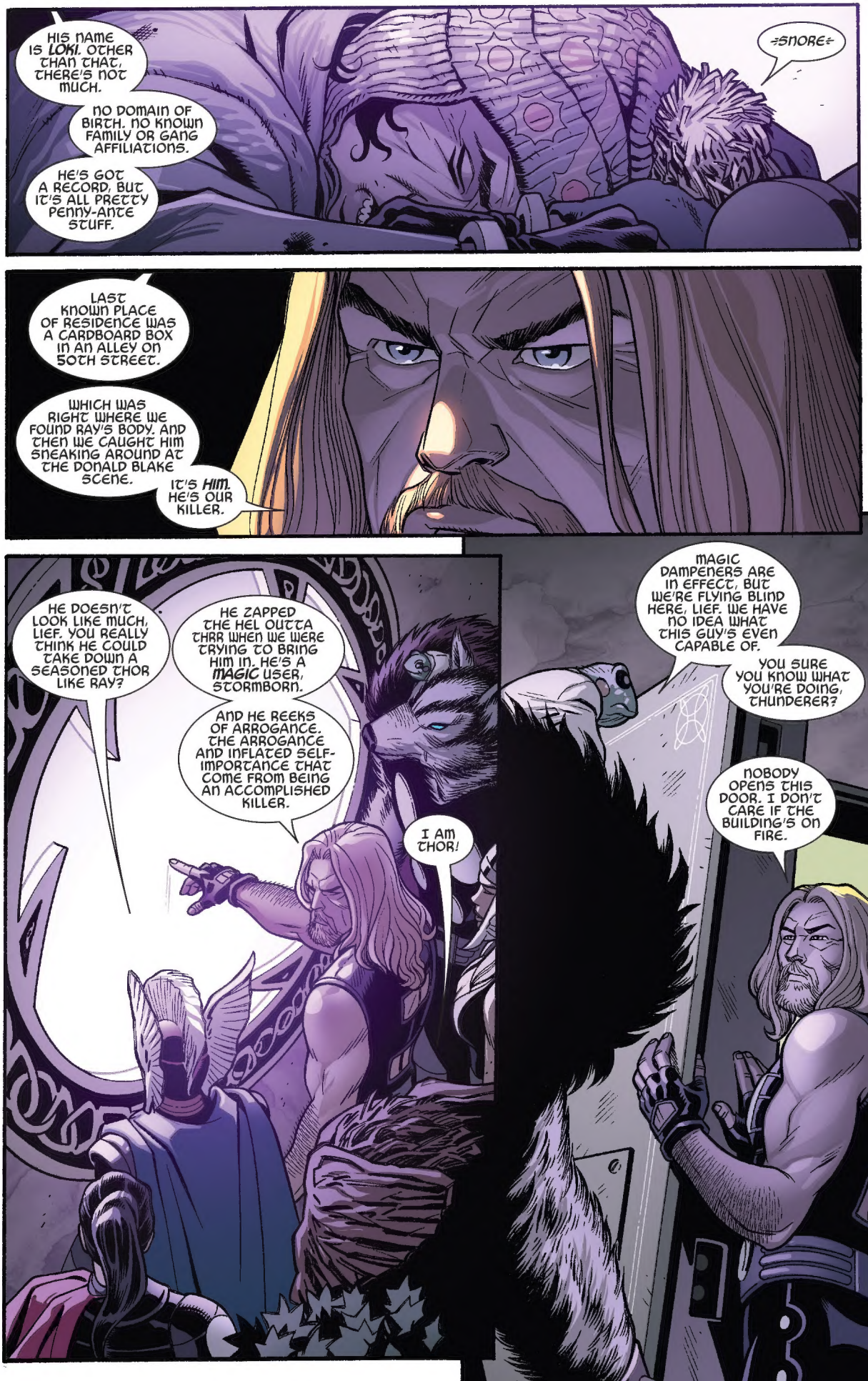
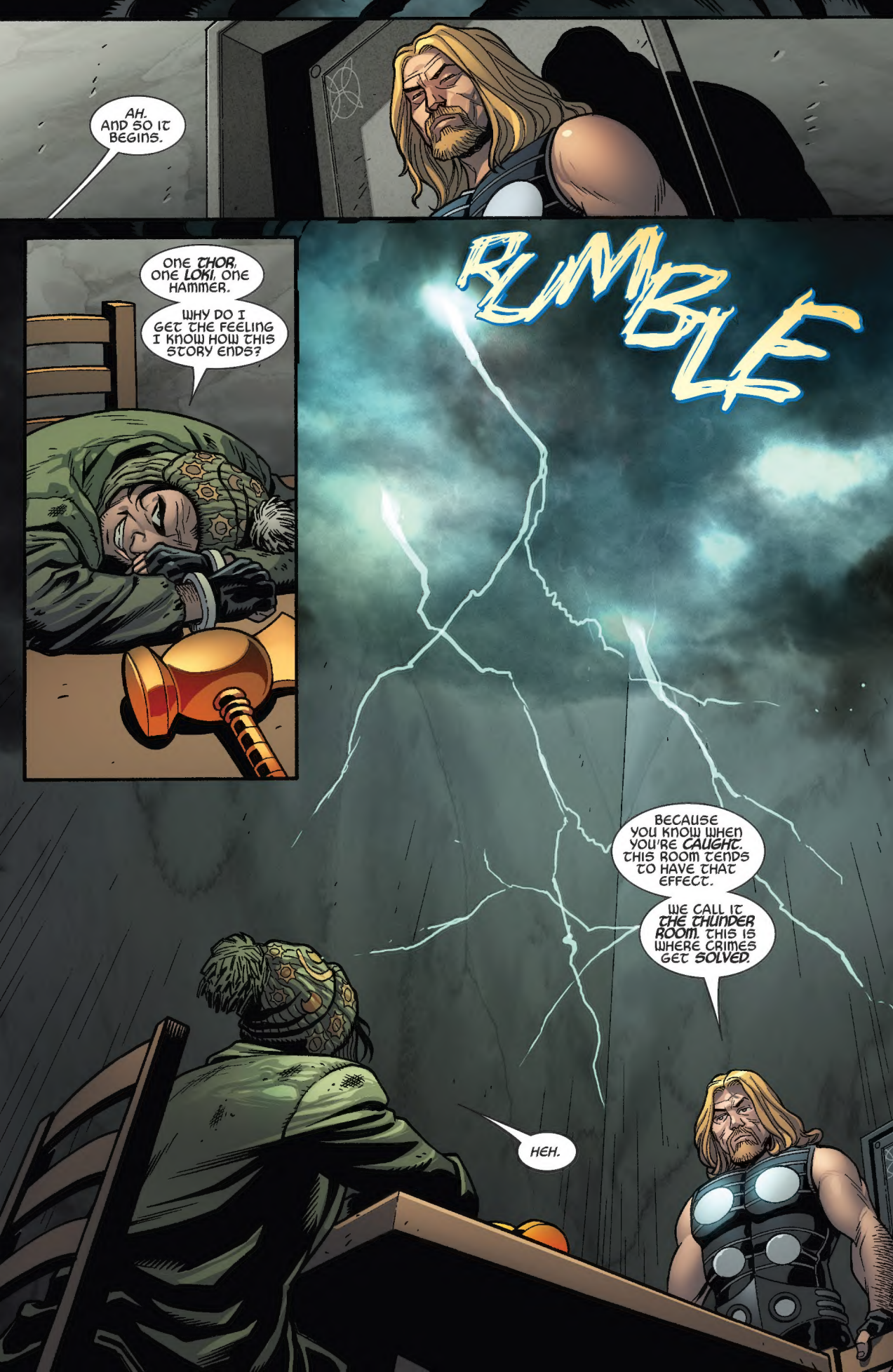
DOOMGARD.
"GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES WITH THE BASTARD."
I'LL HAVE HIM TALKING.
SCREAMING. BUT TALKING.
HE'S ASLEEP. RAY ALWAYS SAID ONLY A GUILTY MAN SLEEPS IN THE THUNDER ROOM...
I BROUGHT HIM IN.
IT WAS MY PARTNER HE KILLED.
NO ONE GOES IN THAT ROOM BUT ME.

THE CLOCK IS TICKING, GOLDILOCKS. AND THE OLD MAN WANTS ANSWERS. YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO PUSSYFOOT AROUND ON THIS ONE.
WHY DON'T YOU LET ME AND 'STROYER TAKE THE LEAD ON--
I'VE SEEN HOW YOU INTERROGATE A SUSPECT, RUNEY. I WANT THE TRUTH OUT OF THIS GUY. NOT WHATEVER LIES HE'D SPOUT JUST TO MAKE YOU STOP HURTING HIM.
HEH. YOU KNOW, YOU'RE NOT HALF THE THOR YOU THINK YOU ARE, LIEF.
SOME DAY SOON, YOU'RE LIABLE TO FIND THAT OUT THE HARD WAY.
WE ALL KNOW RAY WAS THE BRAINS OF THE OPERATION. AND LOOK WHERE THAT GOT HIM.
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR ALLTHING, "ULTIMATE" THOR.
RUNE THOR IS THE CROWN PRINCE OF SCHMUCKS. BUT HE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE RIGHT ABOUT YOU NEEDING SOME HELP ON--
WHAT DO WE HAVE ON THIS GUY, THROG?


HIS NAME IS LOKI. OTHER THAN THAT, THERE'S NOT MUCH.
NO DOMAIN OF BIRTH. NO KNOWN FAMILY OR GANG AFFILIATIONS.
HE'S GOT A RECORD, BUT IT'S ALL PRETTY PENNY-ANTE STUFF.
=SNORE=
LAST KNOWN PLACE OF RESIDENCE WAS A CARDBOARD BOX IN AN ALLEY ON 50TH STREET.
WHICH WAS RIGHT WHERE WE FOUND RAY'S BODY. AND THEN WE CAUGHT HIM SNEAKING AROUND AT THE DONALD BLAKE SCENE.
IT'S HIM. HE'S OUR KILLER.
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, LIEF. YOU REALLY THINK HE COULD TAKE DOWN A SEASONED THOR LIKE RAY?
HE ZAPPED THE HEL OUTTA THRR WHEN WE WERE TRYING TO BRING HIM IN. HE'S A MAGIC USER, STORMBORN.
AND HE REEKS OF ARROGANCE. THE ARROGANCE AND INFLATED SELF-IMPORTANCE THAT COME FROM BEING AN ACCOMPLISHED KILLER.
I AM THOR!
MAGIC DAMPENERS ARE IN EFFECT, BUT WE'RE FLYING BLIND HERE, LIEF. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THIS GUY'S EVEN CAPABLE OF.
YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, THUNDERER?
NOBODY OPENS THIS DOOR. I DON'T CARE IF THE BUILDING'S ON FIRE.


AH. AND SO IT BEGINS.
ONE THOR, ONE LOKI, ONE HAMMER.
WHY DO I GET THE FEELING I KNOW HOW THIS STORY ENDS?
RUMBLE
BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE CAUGHT. THIS ROOM TENDS TO HAVE THAT EFFECT.
WE CALL IT THE THUNDER ROOM. THIS IS WHERE CRIMES GET SOLVED.
HEH.

YOU MEAN THIS IS WHERE YOU *BEAT* YOUR SUSPECT UNTIL HE REPEATS WHATEVER CONFESSION YOU FEED HIM.

THAT'S NOT HOW THIS IS GONNA WORK. I'M NOT GOING TO TOUCH YOU.

NO, THAT'S WHAT THE *HAMMER'S* FOR, ISN'T IT? THAT AND A BIT OF MENTAL TORTURE.

YOU LOCK ME IN A ROOM WITH A WEAPON I'M NOT WORTHY ENOUGH TO LIFT TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR POWER AND THE HOPELESSNESS OF MY OWN SITUATION.

BRAVO. YOUR FATHER WOULD BE PROUD.

LET'S LEAVE DOOM OUT OF THIS.

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT *DOOM?*

IS *THAT* WHAT YOU THINK I DID?

YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT WHY THE HAMMER'S HERE. THAT'S THE WEAPON OF THE THOR YOU *MURDERED.*

I KNOW RAY CAME TO SEE YOU. YOU WERE ONE OF HIS INFORMANTS.

YES, THE HORSE-FACED THOR DID COME ASKING QUESTIONS. HE WAS ALWAYS ASKING QUESTIONS. AND I'D TELL HIM WHAT LIES I'D HEARD TRICKLING THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

THAT NIGHT HE CAME ASKING ABOUT A SERIES OF MURDERS. DID YOU TELL HIM MORE LIES?

I CONFESS. THAT NIGHT I DID SOMETHING FOOLISH. SOMETHING I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DONE. I TOLD HIM THE *TRUTH.*

I GAVE HIM A NAME.

HE SPOKE THAT NAME AS HE DIED. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HER? ABOUT *JANE FOSTER?*

I KNOW SHE'S DEAD. ALL OVER BATTLEWORLD, THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

WHY? WHY DID SHE HAVE TO DIE?

BECAUSE SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING TO PROTECT THE THING THEY LOVE MOST.

AND THE THING *YOU* LOVE MOST IS YOURSELF.

I SUPPOSE I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT.

SO JANE FOSTER WAS SOMEHOW A THREAT TO YOU. THAT'S WHY YOU KILLED HER. HER AND THIS DONALD BLAKE.

YOU'D *LIKE* FOR ME TO BE THE VILLAIN HERE, WOULDN'T YOU? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY YOU WANT IT SO BADLY, BUT YOU DO.

THAT WOULD MAKE THINGS *SO* MUCH EASIER. BUT I'M AFRAID THERE ARE NO EASY ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS.

CERTAINLY WASN'T EASY FOR YOUR PARTNER. YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD THE WAY HE *SCREAMED.*

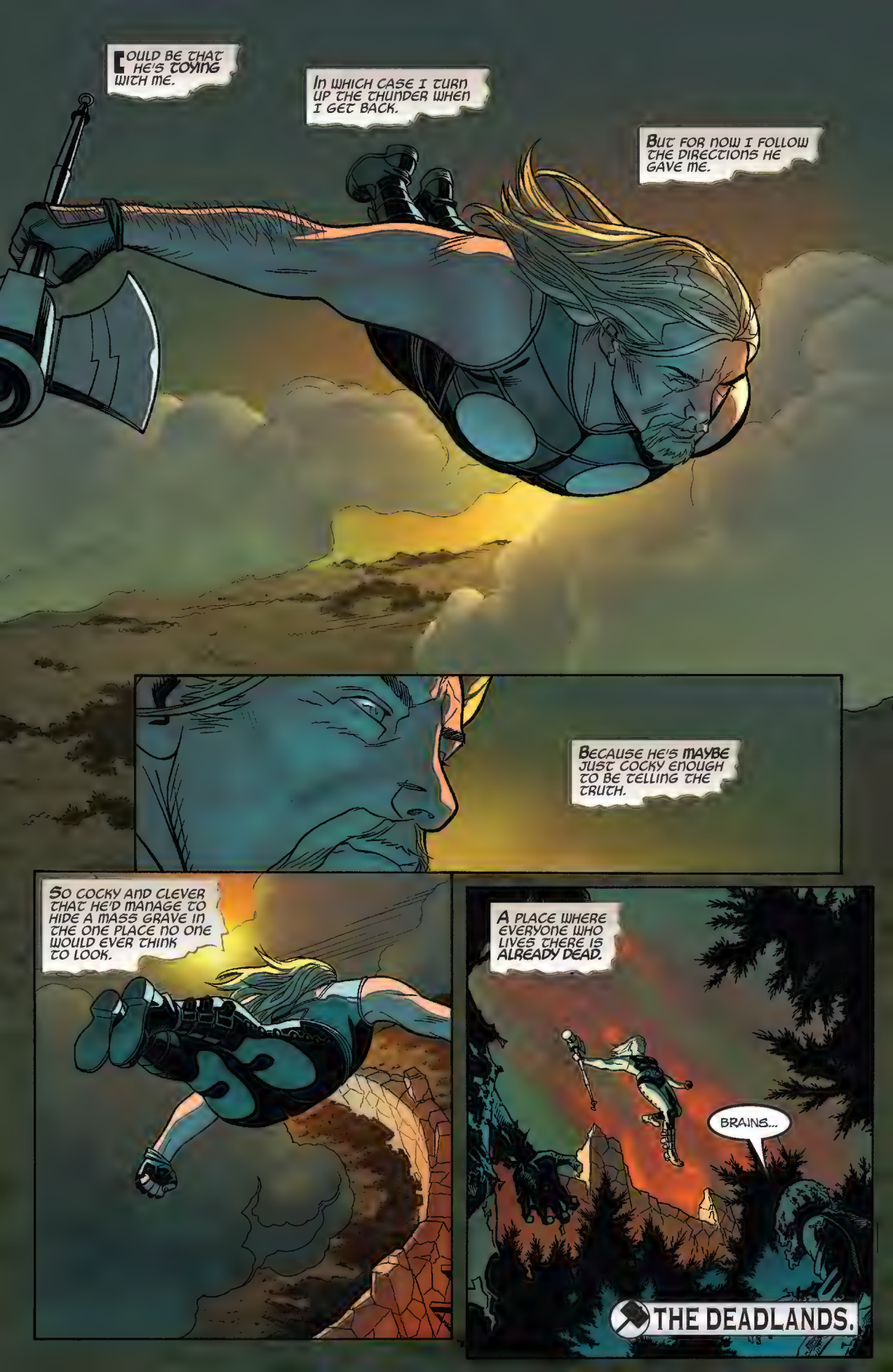
KRADA-DOOM
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T GOING TO TOUCH ME?
THEN I GUESS YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN LYING.
YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO YOURSELF SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET.
HOW DID YOU KILL HIM?
AH, AT LAST, A QUESTION YOU OUGHT TO BE ASKING. HOW INDEED?
HE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH, YOUR FRIEND, WASN'T HE? YOUR SUPER-STRONG FRIEND WHO WIELDED A MAGIC HAMMER FOR A LIVING.
DO I LOOK LIKE I'M CAPABLE OF BLUDGEONING A THOR? SUCH A BIG, STRONG THOR LIKE YOUR FRIEND?
NOW, IF HE'D BEEN STABBED IN THE BACK...
HRRGGK
I'VE SEEN THE BODIES.
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF, YOU...

I'm...
I'm sorry, I shouldn't have...
I'm sorry.
That's not like me. It's...
I'm FRUSTRATED, okay? I admit it.
This is all very frustrating for me. You must see that.
Of course you see that. I imagine it's painfully obvious to someone like you.
You're SMARTER than I am. I'm sure we can both agree on that.
I've got nothing on these cases. I've ALWAYS had nothing. It was dumb luck that I caught you at all.
And I'll admit that. I'll tell everyone.
I'm not here to judge you. That's not my job.
I want to LEARN from you. How you did it. How you chose them.
I'm in AWE of it, I really am. I'm in awe of you. I want to know EVERYTHING.
No one else is listening. And look, I'm not writing anything down. This is just you and me in here.
Please, Loki...
TEACH me.

HA! WOW. THAT WAS...
THAT WAS REALLY SOMETHING TO SEE.
DOES THAT SORT OF THING EVER ACTUALLY WORK?
SOMETIMES.
YOU MUST INTERROGATE A LOT OF HULKS.
I INTERROGATE ALL KINDS.
YOU'VE MADE HULKS CRY BEFORE, HAVEN'T YOU? I BET YOU'RE REALLY GOOD AT MAKING HULKS CRY.
JANE FOSTER. DONALD BLAKE. YOU LEFT THEM FOR ME TO FIND. YOU MUST WANT TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.
YOU SHUDDER WHENEVER YOU SAY THEIR NAMES. DO YOU EVEN REALIZE THAT? DO YOU EVER WONDER WHY THAT IS?
WHY HER? THAT'S WHAT I WONDER. WHAT WAS SHE TO YOU?
NOTHING. CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?
YOU HAD SOME REASON FOR CHOOSING HER. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO--

WHAT DID YOU SEE WHEN YOU LOOKED INTO HER EYES? THE ONES WHO STILL HAD EYES.
WHAT DO YOU FEEL WHEN YOU HEAR HER NAME?
JANE FOSTER. JANE FOSTER. JANE FOSTER.
THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE--
SHUT UP. YOU DON'T GET TO--
THAT FLUTTERY LITTLE FEELING DEEP IN YOUR GUT RIGHT NOW... THAT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL YOUR QUESTIONS.
THAT FEELING IS WHY SHE'S DEAD.
YOU'RE WHY SHE'S DEAD!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO DAMN CLEVER, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT AS CLEVER AS EVERY OTHER TWO-BIT PIECE OF FILTH WHO'S SAT IN THAT CHAIR.
YOU THINK THE GRAVITY OF YOUR CRIMES MAKES YOU IMPORTANT. IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN TELL ME SOMETHING I HAVEN'T HEARD A MILLION TIMES BEFORE.
UNLESS YOU'RE PREPARED TO BE A MAN AND ADMIT WHAT YOU'VE DONE, I CAN'T HELP YOU.
AND JUST SO YOU KNOW, IF I WALK OUT OF THIS ROOM WITH NOTHING, DON'T EXPECT THE NEXT THOR TO BE AS GOOD-NATURED AS I AM.
OH, ARE WE PLAYING THE GOOD THOR/BAD THOR GAME ALREADY? ONLY THIS TIME, IT'S NO GAME, IS IT?
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER THOUGHT THIS WAS A GAME, LOKI. I SUPPOSE WE'RE DONE HERE.
÷SIGH÷ I WAS HOPING YOU COULD PUT TOGETHER AT LEAST SOME OF THE PIECES YOURSELF, BUT I'M REALLY GOING TO HAVE HOLD YOUR HAND THROUGH THIS, AREN'T I?
YOU SAY YOU WANT MY HELP? OPEN YOUR EYES, THUNDERER THORLIEF. I'VE BEEN HELPING YOU ALL ALONG.
WHY DO YOU THINK I MOVED THE BODIES?

I LEFT THEM FOR YOU TO FIND. I EVEN CALLED IN THE ANONYMOUS TIPS.
WHAT I WANTED...WAS THE TRUTH.
YOU WANTED RECOGNITION. YOU NEEDED AN AUDIENCE. YOU ADMIT IT.
I SLEEP IN A CARDBOARD BOX. I LIVE MY LIFE IN THE SHADOWS. BUT I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN IN MY HEART THAT I WAS MEANT FOR GREAT THINGS.
THAT GREATNESS WAS TAKEN FROM ME.
THE PRINCE OF LIES DOESN'T LIKE BEING LIED TO!
WHERE DID YOU MOVE THEM FROM? WHERE WERE THEY BURIED?
ALL OVER. BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE. THEY'RE ALL TOGETHER NOW. WHATEVER'S LEFT OF THEM, AT LEAST.
ONCE MY WORK WAS DISCOVERED, THE OTHERS WERE MOVED BEFORE I COULD GET TO THEM.
OTHERS? YOU'RE SAYING... THERE ARE MORE BODIES OUT THERE?
OH YES. LOTS MORE. MORE DONALD BLAKES, TOO.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THEM?
PUT HIM IN A CELL.
ANYBODY SO MUCH AS TOUCHES HIM, THEY ANSWER TO ME.


Could be that he's toying with me.
In which case I turn up the thunder when I get back.
But for now I follow the directions he gave me.
Because he's maybe just cocky enough to be telling the truth.
So cocky and clever that he'd manage to hide a mass grave in the one place no one would ever think to look.
A place where everyone who lives there is already dead.
BRAINS...
THE DEADLANDS.

I'm a thunderer in the Hall of Homicide. Have been for 15 years.
BRAINS.
BRAINS.
BRAINS.
I work too many hours. Least that's what my last several ex-girlfriends said.
BRAI--
When I'm not working, I'm drinking.
Sometimes when I've drunk enough, I sleep and try not to dream of dead babies in dumpsters.
My job is to sit and talk with murderers and madmen.
My job is to speak for those who can no longer speak for themselves.
JANE FOSTER
But right now, much like these stinking bones at my feet...

I FIND MYSELF SPEECHLESS.
THE BASTARD WAS RIGHT. I DO QUIVER WHENEVER I SAY THEIR NAMES.
GOT NO IDEA WHY. JUST THE NAGGING FEELING THAT I SHOULD. THAT THERE'S SOMETHING I'M MISSING. SOMETHING OBVIOUS.
I KEEP WAITING FOR IT TO SUDDENLY JAR LOOSE, TO HIT ME OVER THE HEAD LIKE A TON OF--

HUUUGH
THAT WAS NO ZOMBIE.
WHAT IN THE HOLY HEL COULD...
FELT LIKE BEING SUCKER-PUNCHED BY A DOZEN HULKS ALL AT ONCE.
AND THEN MY HEART SINKS.
THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE CLANG OF URU ON URU.

Or the feel of a hammer to the face.

RRRGH!
RUNEY?!
WHABOOM
RUNEY, YOU MISERABLE SONUVA...
YOU WANT A FIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU A FIGHT! BUT WAIT UNTIL I'M OFF THE DAMN CLOCK!
A THOR IS DEAD! AND I'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO--
HEH. IF YOU WANNA KNOW THE TRUTH, HE WASN'T MUCH OF A THOR.
HERE'S HOPING YOU PUT UP MORE OF A FIGHT THAN YOUR PARTNER DID.
WHAT...?

RUNEY... YOU CAN'T BE...YOU...
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I'M SAYING GOODBYE, THORLIEF.

There aren't any old retired Thors in the world.
Sooner or later, we all die in the line of duty.
Hungry.
The best you can hope for is that you leave behind more closed cases than open ones.
Meat.
And that another Thor will come along after you...
...to close the one that killed you.
Eat...

THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO DROP THIS CASE. LOOKS LIKE YOU DIDN'T LISTEN.
GOOD. MAYBE NOW WE CAN GET SOME WORK DONE.
TO BE CONCLUDED.